

The Evening World

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THE LINE-UP.

ARMED GUARDS patrol the tunnel under Capitol Hill used by railways entering Washington from the South. All bridges between Washington and New York are said to be similarly protected. Yesterday a German, arrested as a suspected deserter from the Prinz Eitel Friedrich, declared that "in six months there will not be a war munitions plant in operation in the United States." Federal officers and the police of Cleveland, Ohio, are looking for a store of ammunition reported to have been hidden by German reservists in case Canada is to be attacked.

Queer doings on Uncle Sam's peaceful premises. Nobody can fail to see that neutrality is threatened with something worse than an attack of nerves. Bombs and factory ruins are tangible evidence that disorganizing forces are persistently at work. Sinister hints and threats are too numerous to be pushed.

Peace cannot disguise these ugly facts nor does prosperity conceal them. Americans must rouse themselves to face the situation and take practical steps to protect things American.

The Federal Government is collecting information and prosecuting suspected conspirators. But Federal authority is limited and works slowly. The States must set their handier law machinery at work to round up the plotters.

Let it be Americanism and all authority high and low in these United States against sedition.

When the duties of Industrial Commissioners take them to this city they charge their hotel bills to the State. Then there is no reason why they couldn't stay long enough now and then to see whether State inspectors really inspect.

ANOTHER TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

GAS COMPANIES do business with the Standard Oil Company on strange terms—if contracts prove anything.

The Thompson legislative committee has turned up evidence showing that oil used in the manufacture of gas is furnished the gas concerns under agreements no two of which read alike as to price or duration. A gas company in Manhattan may be charged for its oil much more than a company in Brooklyn. Or it may be the other way round. Long term contracts are drawn up when oil prices are high. When oil is relatively cheap, contract periods are brief.

One result is always the same. Oil contracts read in such a way that the gas companies at any given moment can claim they cannot afford to sell gas to the consumer on lower terms. The Kings County Lighting Company has constantly referred to its oil contracts to justify the 95-cent rate it imposes upon its consumers while people in other parts of the city pay 80. And the Public Service Commission has stood ready to sanction the obvious injustice.

Gas consumers begin to see what they have been up against. Standard Oil, Gas Interests, Public Service Commission—what show could the public have against that entente?

Word comes from Belgium that the supply of clothing for the destitute will be exhausted before Christmas. The world seems to have cordially consented to recognize Belgium as our burden.

THANKSGIVING.

THANKS will be given to-morrow—as happens every year—by some who have everything to be thankful for and by others who are thankful to be no worse off than they are. Not a few of those who have received the best of everything the world affords are sure to forget even to make acknowledgment, while here and there starved, care-burdened souls will swell with purest thankfulness.

The most thankful of all ought to be those who can give thanks that the spirit of thankfulness boards and lodges with them the year round, holidays and all. There is no greater blessing.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

A doctor says that girls would be prettier if they ate more onions and less candy. But—there would have fewer close friends.—Macon News.

Some men have seen their pictures in the newspapers for the last time, and the thought produces a sinking sensation.—Pittsburgh Sun.

Once in a very great while you come across a recent college graduate who will admit that he doesn't know everything.—Columbia State.

It's much easier to pick a quarrel than it is to get out of a fight.—Baltimore American.

One of the greatest regrets that a woman has in life is that she declined to marry a fellow who after-ward became rich and prominent.—Macon News.

Nothing looks bigger than a big or champagne-colored boots.—Pittsburgh Sun.

Any time you see a safety pin on the sidewalk it is conclusive evidence that somebody dressed in a hurry.

These are the "good old days" people will talk about forty years hence.—Toledo Blade.

Letters From the People

"All That Take Up the Sword,"

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Some days ago I read: "Wilson Finds Biblical Basis for Defense Plan," and "in note to Seth Low he quotes Ezekiel, in which warning of preparedness is given." One can readily see he is a very conscientious man. But if he looks up the New Testament, St. Matthew, Chapter xxv, verses 51-52, he will see the following: "And, behold, one of them that were with Jesus, stretching forth his hand, drew out his sword, and striking the servant of the high priest, cut off his ear. Then Jesus said unto him: 'Put up again thy sword into its place. For all that take up the sword shall perish with the sword.' St. John, the beloved disciple called by the Greeks the 'Divine' (chapter xvii, verse 10), tells us that the disciple who drew the sword was Simon Peter,

and the servant of the high priest whose ear was cut off was called Malchus. Should not Wilson consider the words of the New Testament as well as the words of the Book of Ezekiel? MANHATTAN.

Uptown Postal Service.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I read your recent editorial relating to the poor postal service of the Bronx, every word of which is true. But before you cross the Harlem River just run up to the Two Hundred and Seventy-sixth Street section of the city—not the Bronx, but the borough of Manhattan, and I think you will see that the condition is worse than in the Bronx. Ask almost any people you meet where the nearest Post Office is, and you will find it is so far away that they don't know where it is, and could not find it if they did. M. J.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Which is the better hand in a poker game—a "full house" or a common "straight"? Z.

Thanksgiving Day in Europe

By J. H. Cassel

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The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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MRS. RANGLE had "just dropped in for a minute" early in the afternoon. As it was now after 5 P. M. she was just getting ready to depart, exclaiming, for the hundredth time, "I really must be going!" when Mr. Jarr arrived home.

Mr. Jarr was in great spirits, and held in his hand—Mrs. Rangle could note from the distance at which she stood—a flat package of crisp greenbacks. Crisp is always the word. Mrs. Jarr was counting the greenbacks into Mrs. Rangle's eager hands.

"Seventy-one, seventy-two, and here's ten more, and ten more, and nine, and that's just a hundred." Mrs. Rangle could hear Mr. Jarr say.

Then Mr. Jarr having received a smacking kiss from his appreciative wife, departed whistling to the dining room to look for his pipe.

"I wish my husband would come home for his dinner to-night and bring me a present like that," sighed Mrs. Rangle wistfully.

After dinner in the Jarr ménage, the Jarr family gathered around the dining room table and took inventory of all their wealth. Mrs. Jarr produced a box which she had locked carefully in her closet and placed it on the table, where Gertrude, the little running domestic, and Master Willie Jarr and little Emma Jarr gazed at it with admiring eyes. And when Mrs. Jarr opened it, all present, even Mr. Jarr, gave way to a murmur of delight. It was filled with greenbacks and yellowbacks, pleasing to the eye, and considering the vast quantity, astonishing to the mind.

To this treasure Mrs. Jarr added the roll of greenbacks Mr. Jarr had brought home to her this very evening.

Yes, it was all too true—the Jarr family was rich beyond the dreams of avarice. They had been in modest circumstances and had known what it was to long for many things they could not afford. But now, now all was different. None of all their acquaintances had the means that they had now. This Christmas at least, the Christmas that was rapidly approaching, every member of that little group would have all their desires fulfilled.

"I want cut glass," said Mrs. Jarr, "cut glass and a nice brooch or a gold bracelet watch. I think I will get a set of fine china, too. I can keep it in the china closet under lock and key, to use only when we have company, and then Gertrude can't smash it."

Gertrude took this remark in good part. She was gazing fascinated at the stacks of crisp green and yellow-

backs. She knew that this Christmas she would share in this self-evident prosperity of the family she served. "And I can get a big box of steel building things and an electric engine, can't I, maw?" asked Master Jarr. "And a gun and roller skates and a bicycle!"

"And I want five dollies and twenty dollies and a doll house and a doll baby carriage—and a whole lot of things!" cried the little girl. Can't I, mamma?"

"I suppose you can, my dear," replied her mother with that placid contentment that marks a mother who has ample means when her well-loved children have desires to gratify.

"What do you want, papa?" asked Mrs. Jarr, the head of the family.

"There's plenty here this Christmas to get something for us all!"

"Oh, never mind me," said the indulgent husband and father. "I only want you and the children and Gertrude to have what you want. I can get something for myself later on, for I am not going to swear off smoking New Years."

Yes, of course, they were cigar store coupons. Did you think the Jarrs had green and yellow backs in real money?

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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FOOL can't tell anything about the facility with which a girl can be kissed—and a gentleman won't.

Just about as a woman is beginning to work herself up to the point of philosophy where she can believe that "life is what we make it," somebody comes in and brutally asks her how much she weighs.

If a girl has a cute nose and curly hair, it requires nothing but a good dinner, a little wine, a little music, and a little auto-suggestion for a man to persuade himself that he and she are "spiritually and mentally mated."

When a man is blind to all a woman's faults, it is more often because his eyes have been dazzled by the glint of her fortune than because they have been dazzled by the radiance of her beauty.

The modern girl's idea of a "real hero" is getting to be just a plain, everyday man, who pays his rent, keeps his hair cut, does his work and loves his own wife.

The most subtle and up-to-date lover is the one who can talk New Thought while he holds a girl's hand and gazes into her eyes with all the old, old ones.

The second wife is usually happier than the first because by that time a man has gotten all his bachelor theories about "how to rule a woman" and "how to make over a wife" out of his system.

Jealousy is your verdict against your own charms and in favor of your rival's.

Manners are the orchids of civilization; courtesy is its sweet violet.

The Woman Who Dared

By Dale Drummond

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CHAPTER XX.
"HASKALL, if you have time I should like to talk to you a few minutes. I should have told you last night, but it was so late when you came in."

"That's right," commenced to find fault as soon as you get home. I might have known you would when I let you go," he returned impatiently.

"But I am not finding fault. I only mentioned it as an excuse or reason rather why I did not tell you last night."

"Well, go ahead."

"I can't talk where the servants can hear. Come into the library," and I led the way.

"I can't understand you women."

"Will you listen to me for a few minutes and not blame me until I have told you all there is to tell?"

"Yes, of course, they were cigar store coupons. Did you think the Jarrs had green and yellow backs in real money?"

"That's what you get for gadding around. If you had stayed at home where you belong he wouldn't have had the chance. Is that all you have to tell me?"

"All? Surely it should have been enough. I had been outraged in my womanhood, my wifehood—and Haskall has asked if 'that was all.'"

"No, it was not all! I burst out. 'He presumed to pity me for my neglect, and wanted to make up to me for my indifference.'"

"You probably misunderstood Lattimore or only imagined it. A man can't be pleasant nowadays, that you women don't think he's making love to you. Now I don't want any more nonsense. I want you to understand that I won't have Lark offended. Lattimore is a friend of his. Don't you tell Mrs. Larkin any such nonsense as you have just told me. She's a woman and might believe you." With that he put on his hat and left me.

"There's nothing I can do," I thought, "nothing any one can do. I cannot leave him. I could not endure the sneers of the world, the anomalous position in which I should be placed. And I shuddered as I thought of what my lot would be under such circumstances—no relatives, no intimate friends. I should be almost an outcast, I imagined, in my ignorance. When Haskall came home he said nothing to me until after dinner, then he returned to the story I had told him."

"I've been thinking over what you told me this morning, and I have decided that you were entirely to blame; that you gave Lattimore reason to say anything he liked. From now on I forbid you to go out in the evening without me. Women can always find an excuse to refuse an invitation. They are used to lying," he lip curled.

"I have never lied to you, Haskall. You have no right to say that," I replied, determined not to obey him.

"You better not! It wouldn't pay. I should find you out, you know!" with a disagreeable smile.

(To Be Continued.)

The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces
By Albert Payson TerhuneCopyright, 1915, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)
No. 77.—A LEAF IN THE STORM, by Ouida.

REINE ALLIX was old—very old. So old that she could remember the far-off day when the folk of her little French village of Berceau de Dieu had kindled bonfires in honor of Napoleon's victories. Always she had lived in peaceful Berceau de Dieu, far from the pulsing red heart of Paris, far from the noise and struggle of the big world.

She was happy, was Allix, in the sunset of her long, calm life. She dwelt in the cottage of her birth; with her big grandson, Bernadon, and with his pretty little wife, Margot, and their baby son. There, the old woman loved and was loved. She rejoiced in her grandson's strength, his honesty, his steadfast simplicity.

Then, in the summer of 1871, came word that France was at war with Prussia. The idea of war sent a little thrill of horror through the village. But Picot—an educated man, who had actually learned to read print—reassured everybody by declaring:

"It cannot touch us! Our heroes will be in Berlin in another fortnight. The papers say so."

The villagers did not know just where or what Berlin might be. The name had a disquieting sound. Nor did Allix's reply to Picot help matters. "My children," said she, "I remember the days of my youth. Our army was victorious then. At least they told us so. Yet bread could not be bought for love or money. And people lay dead of famine in the roads. That was long ago. But I do not think things change very much."

The men of Berceau de Dieu were urged to enlist. Bernadon, having a wife and child and grandmother to support, was not forced to go to the front, but every one urged him to. He merely replied:

"I will serve France when my time comes."

People sneered at him for a coward. But he was not minded to leave his dear ones to starve, while he went away to fight for something he did not understand. So he stayed on. Allix's prophecy came true. Food grew scarce. Famine and pestilence ruled the land. Daily came word of some new French defeat.

At last, the Prussians reached the town next to Berceau de Dieu. In that town a man fired at them from a roof. By way of punishment, the Germans burned the whole place to the ground. Then, next day, on they came to Berceau de Dieu.

Meantime Bernadon had tried all night long to rally his neighbors to a defense of their village. But these patriots were no longer noisy in their clamor for war. They were sick with terror. They knew their guns and other weapons and buried them under the White Christ's altar in the church. The Prussians warned into the village, looting, bullying, destroying. They seized the peasants' scanty grain and livestock. They stole the few hoarded bits of silver and other valuables they could lay hands on. They smashed chests and cupboards. What was not worth stealing, they destroyed.

Then their leader chanced to hear a rumor that weapons were buried somewhere. He saw Bernadon standing in his cottage door, and sent several soldiers to drag him forward. He demanded the whereabouts of the hidden weapons. Bernadon refused to tell, saying merely:

"I am no traitor!"

At an order from the leader, a volley was fired. Bernadon fell dead. Margot screamed in horror at the murder. With her baby in her arms, she threw herself on the ground in front of a rearing cavalry horse, and the plunging hoofs crushed out her life and her little son's.

Old Allix had sprung from the doorway and seized the old woman drew it into the cottage and she sat for hours crouching over her slain grandson, as over a sick child. Her mind had gone. A peasant rushed in, crying that the Prussians had slaughtered five unarmed men as a warning to the rest and had set fire to the village. Reine Allix merely looked up with one finger on her lips, whispering:

"Be quiet! Don't you see he is asleep?"

And then she rocked to and fro and hummed lullabies to the dead man until the flaming roof crashed in upon her.

Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett.

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"A LL coal is good coal," said a power engineer the other day. "It's merely the fact that many kinds of coal are unutilized applied which gives them an evil reputation."

"Take the case of lignite, for instance, millions of acres of which lie beneath the surface of North Dakota. People of that vicinity gave it a trial as fuel for their steam boiler furnaces. It proved inadequate and was abandoned. Dakota manufacturers continued to pay the heavy freight charges of Pennsylvania fuel. It now develops that for gas producers lignite is the ideal fuel. As a consequence, the grates and the shells of the boiler are coming into its own. Each step in the conversion of fuel into power permits room for loss of energy. In the case of a steam plant two steps are involved: coal heats water, which makes steam which runs an engine. But with a gas producer the coal gas is sucked into the gas engine, thus reducing the conversion to but one.

"Many steam plants give unsatisfactory service merely because they work with the wrong kind of fuel. And even when the proper fuel is used some other easily remedied factor is causing the trouble."

"If, for example, a man is using a fast burning, volatile coal, he should keep close to the boiler and supply this type of fuel releases huge quantities of gas immediately upon being thrown into the furnace. This gas demands air and lots of it. Otherwise it will go up the chimney without having been burned. But this condition maintains for but a short period. After the gas is burned the dampers should be partially closed and the air supply diminished. If this is not done, much of the fuel energy is wasted in heating an unnecessary quantity of air."

"A furnace may be well adapted to burning a high carbon fuel, but totally unsuited to the combustion of a high volatile coal. The latter coals burn with a long flame. This means that they require ample space. Three and a half feet of space between the boiler and the shell of the boiler are none too much for coal of this variety. Otherwise the flame may come in contact with the cold surfaces of the boiler, be snuffed out, with a consequent precipitation of carbon."

"The proper method of planning a heating plant is to first consider its geographical location. Install a plant which is adapted to the proper combustion of the coal which is cheapest in that particular locality."

Pop's Mutual Motor

By Alma Woodward.

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"WELL, if any one waited until three days before to ask me to go to a big event like the Army-Navy football game," said Ma puffy, "I'd consider it an insult. I'd think right away that they'd asked every one else they knew, and been turned down, and that I was the last resort."

"Oh, well, you always think people are trying to put something over on you," retorted Pop promptly. "Believe me, any one you ask to motor with you will be glad to do it. They won't care whether it's three days or three weeks before."

"Wouldn't it be a joke if the two tickets went to waste, after all?" "Huh!" answered Ma scornfully. "Not a chance! Call up the Greens first. Mrs. Green's pate de foie gras sandwiches are immense."

"Oh, is that the kind of a lunch we're going to have?" wailed Ma. "I thought we were going to some swell inn."

"Swell inn! What'd I ask others for? We were going to buy our own lunch? Anyway, it's fun to eat squashed things out of paper packages at a football game."

Ma took down the receiver. Her greeting of Mrs. Green was cheery, yet slightly condescending. Her farewells were cold.

"Huh! what's the matter there?" asked Pop as she turned from the phone.

"The Stewarts have asked them to go with them in their new \$5,000 car. They want us to try it and tell them what we think of it. Thank you just the same, dearie!" she just told Ma. Ma mimicked venomously.

"You can't come!" he heard Ma gasp over the phone a moment later. "What? Oh, the Joneses? What? They've got a new eight-cylinder sedan top car? Oh, really! Don't mention it, dear. Goodbye."

"Well, I'll be pickled!" exploded Pop. "Two years ago Bill Jones couldn't 'a' bought the exhaust valve on a motorcycle! I'll bet he hocked his mother-in-law."

"Oh, don't try to be funny at a time like this!" (Ma was seriously near tears.) "Do you think it's funny to have me stand here while those cats rub in the names of all these high-priced cars and turn down my invitation to go in our dinky little foot-bug?"

"Say," meditated Pop a minute later. "You know that little delicatessen store around the corner? The man who runs that is real funny well educated in his own language. I've been talking to him lately. And his wife's a nice, wholesome woman. They can close up for a day if they want to—and I'll bet they'd love to see a big football game."

"Milton!" shrieked Ma.

"And," continued Pop dreamily, "I've never in my life tasted anything more delicious than their caviar and wiches with onions, and a new dill pickle on the side."